

She missed him before he had been gone a week. She wrote him friendly letters showing that she esteemed him, and they were sweet balm to his anxious soul at the most trying period of his life.

For Albion, inexperienced in the ways of the professional promoter and financier, was suddenly confronted with worry and complication that tested all his faith and nerve. The broker had proceeded to develop his formula by organizing a stock company. This cost money. There was expensive advertising, there was large fees to pay to expert chemists and engineers. The \$2,000 was soon used up.

"A thousand more and we shall see daylight," promised the broker.

"Impossible!" groaned Albion. "I have absolutely exhausted my last resource."

"Too bad to fail now, when a few weeks' further negotiations will place us in a fully organized condition. Are you willing to borrow the new thousand?"

"But I have no security to give," declared Albion gloomily.

"Oh, yes, you have," insisted the glib and resourceful promoter, "there is the stock of the company."

"It isn't worth its face," began Albion.

"No, not yet, but it will be some time," declared the optimistic broker. "If you are willing to put up a controlling block of the stock as collateral I can get you the loan."

"Go ahead," acceded Albion, though not hopefully.

So, following devious ways, the broker financed the proposition along until one day the end came. The people who had loaned the money demanded its return, with exorbitant interest as due, and threatened to seize and sell out the cherished life work of Albion for a mere song.

"I've got to go back home!" declared Albion. "I'm half sick, totally discouraged and almost hopeless of raising any more capital. How long

have the creditors given us to pay the amount?"

"Ten days."

"I'll try," said Albion, but weakly.

He started for home really ill and arrived at the little quiet home town prostrated with a dangerous fever.

Of what transpired during the next three weeks Albion Weare knew little, and that during brief lucid moments. In one of these he smiled faintly as his nurse gently informed him that she had been sent by Miss Tyrell. Then within an hour Albion was back in the grasp of the wasting fever, raving over the lost investment, the days of grace, the end of which would see him bereft of his great discovery.

At times, however, his delirious mood grew into soft and tender appeals to the woman to whom he had never told his love. And in the adjoining room Helen Tyrell hid her blushing face in her hands and her breath came quicker, and the swift tears told of the deep, heartfelt interest she felt in this lonely man, buffeted so cruelly by the adverse tides of fate.

One evening Miss Tyrell was visited by a stranger. He was the broker who had vainly awaited the promised return of his client to the city. It was natural that he should tell the story disclosing the negotiations of Albion. In the wealthy heiress he found a willing and sympathetic auditor.

The nurse attending Albion hastened into the sick room one beautiful June morning at the unexpected call of her patient. Her face brightened, for in one glance at the bed she had read the first tokens of a past crisis and the promise of convalescence in the wasted face.

He was straining his eyes towards a calendar upon the opposite wall. He motioned to the nurse weakly.

"Tell me," he spoke hoarsely—"the day of the month."

Innocently she named it. A deep groan burst from the lips of the sick